

A merie newe Ballad intituled the pinnyng of the Basket:  
And is to bee songe to the tune of the downe right Squire.

**T**was my hap of late to heare,  
a merie teller:  
The which by me as may appere  
is here expeller.

With cantara, cantara, cantara,  
for this belongs thereto:  
With better byples, and better byngs,  
and strife with muche more.

For he then for now this marvell strange,  
I will declare:

A Ioyner sent his man to change,  
monny for ware.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
unto the count he gose:  
And halld to the Chandelers Shop,  
his monny to dispose.

But see the chance the Chandelers dyt,  
was gone to bytaker:

O his poore soule to plait thereby,  
at lye and lye:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
wherof his wife did chafer:  
And out she went then in a rage,  
to seeke her good man Rafe.

She raged for he and could not rest,  
upon the matter:

When she hym founde, the beuam beate,  
beganne to scold:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
quoth she bytaker knowe:

If thou be as the good Ale tappe,  
thou hast that thou wouldest have.

This quiet man acquainted was,  
with her rough talker:

And percyth with much her pass,  
was quite bereft of breath.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
at home she founde hym plait:

Till he had frucht his customer,  
and then beganne the strife.

For byng downe, howe here quoth he,  
the Basket Dames:

Oue gossip giue it hym and see,  
you pinne the same.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
now doth the spate begynne:

Knowe thou quoth she he knowe that I,  
the Basket will not pinne.

Her househonde saye is kinde did swere,  
by stocks and stones:

She should eyes he would prepare,  
to baste her bones.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
quoth he the same pour to gne,

And make you pinne the Basket to,  
doubt not ere it be long.

Then with a bodian that stode by,  
whiche he did smelt:

At her he frely wold see,  
and baste her well.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
unguentum Bakaliner:

Did make this housewife quithly pinne,  
the Basket passing fast.

This partye pleased well the Page,  
that all this while:

Out on his boye, and tame this rage,  
and bitter byple:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
the good wifes doth recite,

And for care she will no more deny,  
her househonde full to lye.

The Basket pinne, the page departs,  
when all is past:

He spurs his curte, the Page starts,  
he was so fast:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
in haste he hamperde rides,

For when he comes, for carrying long,  
his Basket chafes and chides.

His quithers too as one halfe made,  
beganne to cante:

Decid too long he taried had,  
he calde hym knave:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
he spake his bytaker faire:

And tolde her she should knowe the cause,  
of his long carrying there.

Then boldly he began his tale,  
and tolde them all:

For twice these two, howe Deuilly Ale,  
had byn a byall:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
quoth he the Chandelers wife,

Wouldest not intreated be to pinne,  
the Basket for his life.

Till he to beate her did begonne,  
with bounding blood:

Then quickly he in poste to pinne,  
the Basket good:

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
the Ioyner lyes at this,

But sure his wife to beate this tale,  
was quite bereft of breath.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
in haste she Dames doth name.

And to this toly Justice wife,  
discoueryng all:

For twice her spouse and her what strife,  
was late befall.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
whom she wouldest name house bounde,

Unto the peace of by the happy,  
there mighte such means be founde.

Of this her frende the same he consent,  
he same had want:

To doe for her in content,  
what mighte be doon.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
this Justice wife now gose:

Her gossipps lye in haste vnto,  
her househonde to disclose.

Her househonde hearing by this tale,  
howe all chynge stood:

In mynde he at this lyste to stalle,  
did laugh a good.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
a little more adoe:

This Justice wouldest haue caught his wife,  
to pinne the Basket too.

Now all good wises beware by this,  
your names to lyste:

The Basket pinne with quietnesse  
denie it not.

Cantara, tara, cantara,  
he counsaile by your frende:

And of this Basket's pinnyng now,  
enough and is an ende.

Finis. T. Rider.

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